UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

Associate Editors

Francis Neilson | Louis L. Mann | Curtis W. Reese

Atheism

By A. EUSTACE HAYDON

On to India!

By CURTIS W. REESE

Religion and Civic Duty

By JOSEPH ERNEST McAFEE

The Best in the Bible

By J. T. SUNDERLAND

VOLUME CII NUMBER 11

Chicago, November 26, 1928

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

UNITY

(Established 1878)

Subscription, $3.00 per Annum

A JOURNAL *of the* RELIGION *of* DEMOCRACY

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, EDITOR IN CHIEF

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FRANCIS NEILSON LOUIS L. MANN CURTIS W. REESE

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Vol. 1 March 1, 1878 No. 1

THE

Pamphlet Mission

FOR

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP & CHARACTER

IN

RELIGION.

Publishing Committee:

Robert Collyer, Chicago. Wm. C. Gannett, St. Paul
Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Janesville. C. W. Wendte, Cincinnati.
J. C. Learned, St. Louis.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY AT 65 WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO.
Per Year, $1.50. Single Number, 10 Cents.

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Geo. W. Cooke, Grand Haven, Mich., - } "Notes and News."

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UNITY PUBLISHING CO., Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 15, 1928, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879"

UNITY

A Journal of the Religion of Democracy

Editors:

John Haynes Holmes **Francis Neilson**
Curtis W. Reese **Louis L. Mann**

UNITY is a weekly paper, sixteen pages, containing timely editorial comment, special articles, foreign correspondence by its own representatives in Europe and Asia, book reviews, and regular reports of news from the field of liberal thought and action.

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700 Oakwood Boulevard **CHICAGO**

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME CII MONDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1928 NUMBER 11

THANKSGIVING

We thank Thee,
Great Universal Power,
Whose truth we struggle toward,
That we are here to take our part
In this confusing epoch
Of changing values from material gain
To human welfare.
May we so attune our laws to Thine,
That this great nation,
Given us to love,
May strike the harmony of brotherhood,
And bring to pass
The glorious symphony
Of universal peace.

AMY WOODS.

In nothing is the election of Herbert Hoover more gratifying than in its effect upon the good fortunes of the Briand-Kellogg Treaty for the Outlawry of War. Mr. Hoover said little about this treaty during the campaign. His silence was misinterpreted by not a few persons as indicating that the Republican nominee was either indifferent or even unfriendly. His most unfortunate disproportion of emphasis as between peace and preparedness in his acceptance speech lent color to this idea. As a matter of fact, however, as should have been clearly indicated by Senator Borah's devoted leadership in the Republican campaign, Mr. Hoover is fully committed to the Outlawry of War. The Chicago *Evening Post* is perfectly right when it says:

> **Herbert Hoover understands the Outlawry plan. He believes in it.**

If he was silent on the issue, so far as any active advocacy was concerned, it was because of the high-minded desire of the administration, as clearly emphasized by Secretary Kellogg, to keep this great issue, so closely affecting the future of America and of the world, out of the arena of partisan politics. This Kellogg Treaty is fundamentally an American, not a Republican, achievement. To have used it as a vote-winning appeal would have been to make a question, upon which all of us should be united, an occasion for political division. Thanks to Mr. Hoover, Secretary Kellogg, Senator Borah, and all others concerned, this peril was avoided. On the other hand, Governor Smith said just enough about the Treaty to show that he had no understanding of the international problem, and no comprehension of the real significance of the Paris Pact. Had he been elected, the situation would have become hopelessly jumbled. As it is, the way is now clear for the ratification of the Treaty by the Senate, with the enthusiastic consent of all good Americans. Such opposition as is being fomented by the Chicago *Tribune* and nourished by the big army and navy people must speedily collapse before the impact of this great body of enlightened and determined public opinion.

It is amusing to note how the "wet" newspapers and magazines are vociferating that Prohibition had nothing to do with the outcome of the election. It is true that Governor Smth had the wettest record of any conspicuous politician in the country, and that he made his record and his convictions an issue of public policy by bolting his party platform and offering an elaborate program of changes in the 18th Amendment and the Volstead Act. If liquor was not an issue, it was not "Al's" fault! As a matter of fact, of course, it *was* an issue—the outstanding and decisive issue of the electoral contest. And it is the one thing which explains more satisfactorily than anything else the overwhelming defeat of the Democrats. If Governor Smith's fate was not significant enough, look at what happened to local candidates! Were any two senators in Washington "wetter" than Edwards, of New Jersey, and Bruce, of Maryland? These two men have had contempt for Prohibition as their chief stock in trade ever since they were elected to the upper chamber of Congress. They have been impudent, ribald, defiant—and they reaped their reward on election day when both went down to defeat. The new senator from Maryland, John G. Townsend, is an outstanding "dry," as his opponent, Senator Bruce, most certainly was not. "Jim" Reed, of Missouri, was almost as "wet" as Governor Smith. What explains his "voluntary" retirement from public life so adequately as the triumphant election of the Republican "dry," Roscoe C. Patterson, to succeed him? The two new senators from Rhode Island and Connecticut, and Senator-elect Glenn, of Illinois — all "dry"! As for the House, Representative Harrison, wet Democrat of Colorado, and Representative Hill, "wet" Republican of Maryland, both lost their seats. This recent election was not a referendum on Prohibition, but it was the next thing to it. It is going to be a long time before any political party hitches up with the "wets" again.

It is interesting to speculate as to the future of the Democratic Party. It is hazardous to forecast the disappearance of an organization which has been so long in existence, has such power in certain sections of the country, and in the hour of bitter defeat could command the allegiance of nearly 14,000,000 voters. The Democratic Party has known defeat before. It was torn and beaten in 1860, and did not come back 'till 1884. But it came back! On the other hand, one can see today no reason why it should come back. In 1884 the Party believed in something, stood for something, had convictions and a policy. Since the days of Bryan, however, it has had nothing to offer. Every year it has become more and more the duplicate of the Republican Party. This year the last vestige of difference between the two political organizations disappeared. What we have today is two parties, which represent distinctive and honorable historic traditions, and in the case of voters certain fixed habits of personal loyalty, but are in themselves the identical political reflections of the triumphant industrialism of the present hour. What has happened is the disappearance of an opposition. The Republicans are the dominant party of the nation—the logical, consistent, and on the whole intelligent representatives of the existing social order. The Democrats, with their dead traditions, as in the South, and their mere imitativeness, as in the North, cannot shake the Republican hold upon the state, for the simple reason that they offer no alternative, no reason for change. Why put Tweedledum out, only in order to put Tweedledee in? That the Democrats will linger on for years to come is pretty certain. The momentum of tradition, to say nothing of the tenacity of life, is enormous. It is even conceivable that, if the Party should have the good fortune to find a candidate as colorful and energetic as "Al" Smith, without his insuperable defects, it might win another election. But in essence the Democratic Party is a characterless survival of an age that is gone, which lags superfluous upon the scene. Let a real opposition party appear, and American Democracy would instantly become as innocuous as English Liberalism.

And why not a *real opposition party?* We ask this question in no spirit of despite against the Republican Party which, as we have said above, holds a logical and indeed necessary place in the political economy of a capitalistic state. Rather are we speaking from out the depths of our conviction as to the nature of a democracy, and the conditions of social progress. For the health of the Republic, which is organized on the basis of a two-party system, we need an opposition party which has a thorough-going philosophy of its own, which has its rootage in those far-flung elements of the population which have no directive part in the workings of the established order, and which is strong enough to capture office when the dominant party is inert, selfish, or corrupt. The Liberal Party in England yesterday, and the British Labor Party in England today, are the perfect examples of what we mean. The Democratic Party in this country, to which logically such a role belongs, cannot take the role, for the reasons stated above. Apart from its dead past, which encumbers it like a "body of death," it is just as much the representative of things as they are as the Republican Party. What we need is a *real,* not a sham or traditional, opposition. And it is just this which we have not got, except in the patient, heroic, but ineffective labors of the Socialists. All other opposition is scattered, sporadic, and thus abortive. It flames up under the kindling touch of some great leader, like Roosevelt or LaFollette, and then, with the passing of the leader, dies to ashes. It breaks into revolt out of local conditions of distress, as in the case of the Populists in the middle West, and the Farmer-Laborites of the far West, and then, with the passing of the conditions, disappears. Always the movement is balked by the willingness of the protesting liberals to play the game with the old parties when either chance to nominate an exceptional candidate. This was the supreme tragedy of the last campaign—the insistence of the liberals in supporting Smith, and thus becoming entangled in the ridiculous debacle of his candidacy. And this when Norman Thomas was running, on the sanest progressive platform ever written in this country! Some day this coquetting business will end, and all opposition forces, from the progressive Republicans on the one hand to the extreme left Socialists upon the other, get together and hold together in one great party.

Now that the summer is gone, and the winter come, and boisterous gales blowing in hitherto pleasant skies, we wish to record herewith our frank confession that we are sick and tired of the business of stunt flying. To this we propose herewith to add our conviction that we are only one of millions of persons who are sick and tired of Atlantic flights, and trans-continental flights, and non-stop flights, and all the rest. The space given in our newspapers to the stories of these events during recent months was absurdly disproportionate to the actual public interest. It's a long time since we have read any of these stories, and we know of many others who immediately turn the page when they see the word "flyers." Miss Earhart's experience, her swift disappearance from public attention, the "flop" of her book, is a perfect illustration of what we mean. The people are not merely tired; they are disgusted. What was a glorious adventure, modestly conducted, in the case of the great Lindbergh, has degenerated into an intolerably silly and purely imitative rush for notoriety. We can think of only one exception to this indictment during the past summer—the arctic

flight of Captain Wilkins, which was quiet, efficient, useful and heroic. To balance this we have the failure of the trans-continental flight, the shame of Nobile and his "Italia," and the hilarious farce of the Polish aviators. The whole situation becomes the more ridiculous when we realize that commercial flying is going on in Europe all of the time in as matter-of-fact a fashion as railroading. Regularly every day, on fixed schedules of arrival and departure, passenger aeroplanes move like trains between all the great cities of the continent. And in this country we have our unexcelled mail service. Aviation has arrived. It's time to get through with clowning!

Of all this written in the above editorial, nothing is to be taken as applying to the epoch-making voyage of the "Graf Zeppelin." This also is an adventure, but an adventure so fraught with scientific purpose, so sober in preparation, so serene in performance, that it stands in a class all by itself. The voyage, to be sure, showed that we are still far-removed from the day foreseen by Tennyson in his "Locksley Hall," when the heavens will be filled

" . . . with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales."

The "Graf's" trip was longer than planned, it encountered grave danger, there was a dependence upon fair winds which was anything but reassuring. But the ship came and went—with passengers, freight, mail. There was something more and better in this achievement than a "stunt" flight. We saw the great ship as she passed over New York, and we shall never forget the spectacle. Her motion, so silent, easy, rapid, seemed to suggest those inner cosmic forces that sweep the universe. It seemed as though she had been caught in some invisible ether stream, and was being carried to ends unknown. Yet she was guided as surely upon an appointed path as any ship upon the sea. Surely this was a new day in the history of the world. So we thought as we looked at that majestic vessel of the air, and so we think now when she is gone. Only one thought disturbs the dream! Will this thing also be seized by the war-makers of the world, and used to rain down upon the earth,

" . . . a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue."

It seems incredible! Yet the forerunners of the "Graf" dropped their bombs on London, and successors of the "Graf" may drop their bombs more terribly upon New York. If ever we needed peace it is in this age when we have in our hands the instruments to bless us—or to curse us unto death forever.

Atheism

In this age the meanings of the good old theological terms are blurred. We are all familiar with the process by which the hard, crystalline content of the credal statements has been gradually evaporated in the last hundred years. The words remain but their clear-cut meaning has vanished. Among these words, the term "atheist" is perhaps the most misused and abused by the centuries. To be called atheist was once dangerous, was always uncomfortable and has now become meaningless.

Even in the days of rigid, credal orthodoxy the word was loosely used as an epithet. It often meant only that the man so called had a different idea of God from one's own. Rarely was it applied as recklessly as by the gentleman who said, "Why, he doesn't believe in the devil. He's an atheist"; but it was used rather indiscriminately to brand believers of many and varied types. It is natural that the Christians should have been called atheists at Rome; natural also that Mohammed should have been called atheist by his Christian enemies. The modern men who have won that distinction make a rather impressive list. The roll-call includes Isaac Newton, Voltaire, Pascal, Locke, Milton, Fénelon, Copernicus, Bacon, Descartes, Spinoza, Hobbes, Hume, Montaigne, Harvey, Fichte, Paine, to cite only a few of the elder worthies. Only a very narrow definition of the idea of God could exclude any one of these men from the ranks of the believers, one at least has been also called "god-intoxicated" and several are now named as proof that scientists may have no quarrel with the truths of religion.

A survey of the religions of man shows an endless variety of god ideas. It shows also that the one constant element in faith in God is that the believer trusts that his hopes and ideals have some guarantee and support in the environing universe. The term "atheist" can have meaning only if there is some single idea which defines the standard and necessary content of the term "God". To search for such a definition were vain for even in a single religion there is no idea of God that has remained unchanged during the centuries of its history. Who then would be the atheists, the earlier or the later believers? Were they atheists who in the sixth century China pushed beyond personal theism to an impersonal cosmic order in which they found their guarantee and support? Are all the idealists atheists who sought beyond the personal gods in an all-embracing Absolute their ultimate security and blessedness? If so, then the majority of the intellectuals of the religions of the Orient have been atheists, and with them an imposing array in the West since Hegel's time. Are personality and purposiveness essential to the god idea,

then religious people have been unconscious atheists from the fifth century B. C. in several of the great faiths of mankind. Must an idea of God be demonstrated to be truth regarding an existing Being as cause and director of the world drama, then there can be no believers in God, for such a demonstration cannot be made, nor is it now attempted by those who realize that all ideas of God are functional. On the other hand, if to live in dependence upon the cosmic and social environment for the achievement of our values is to have a belief in God, then there are no atheists, for we can live in no other way. Most vague of all vague terms is the word "God". Modern scientific thinking has added to the confusion and so radically altered the content of the concept even for those who put great stress upon the term as to make a distinct break with the historic past. Recognition of the origin and function of the god idea historically, realization that there is no idea which has ontological validity, appreciation of the endless variety of god-meanings in the world of yesterday and today makes the term atheist empty of meaning for modern men.

Yet there are some groups in America, India and China who still retain the early enthusiasm of the propaganda of atheism. When examined, they turn out to be men, devoted to liberalism and moved by religious idealism who are opposed to some particularly undesirable idea of God; often they are more conservative in their concepts of ultimate realities than many modern theologians and religious philosophers. They are in the same class with the conservative, orthodox believer in not having seen the implications of the religious sciences in interpreting the god ideas. The effort to prove the non-existence of God is as futile as to prove his existence. We have nothing but ideas of gods historically produced. To make a polemic against one of these ideas as though it were of ultimate, ontological importance seems childish. To attempt to make an idea, developed in some single religion at some particular age the final interpretation of the cause and meaning of the universe is worse than childish, it is to ignore the facts made plain as sunlight by the religious sciences.

The scientific student of religions will be as little likely to use the word "atheist" as the word "superstition". The use of either shows a lack of historical understanding. Theoretically there is no logical reason why the term God may not be used with any content. Actually every one who thinks makes some formulation of the bearing of the cosmic and social environment upon his life ideals. New Gods appear today in a vast variety,—God as the totality of life, God as the Ideal Socius, God as the Whole of Experience, God as the Spirit of the Beloved Community, God as the immanent Spirit of social progress, God as the Common Will of Humanity, God as the Élan Vital, God as a struggling Cosmic Leader and Companion, God as the Principle of Concretion. Surely no one needs to be an atheist among the Gods of the religious philosophers of today. But how different from the God of the Christian past are these modern Gods! It is not surprising that there are some men who have conscientious scruples about using the old term. They fear misunderstanding. The changes in modern thinking are so recent that the traditional implications still cling to the word God and they hesitate to say "God" when God in the accepted sense is not what they mean. But this is another problem. Meanwhile, until the day of a new orthodoxy, we may let the good old word, Atheist, rest on its laurels.

A. Eustace Haydon.

Jottings

"Massachusetts — there she stands!" With Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Georgia, South Carolina, in the electoral column for Governor Smith! This is a new experience for the Old Bay State. We hope she enjoys it!

The New York *World* points out that minorities have no way of functioning in this country—that, in any other country in the world, Governor Smith would now take his place, second only to that of Mr. Hoover, as leader of the opposition. As things are, the minority disintegrates, Smith disappears, and everything has to be begun all over again. A wasteful system!

The Outlawry of War folk are a varied group of individuals. Thus, in the recent election, Mr. Levinson supported Hoover, Prof. John Dewey supported Smith, and "ye editor" supported Thomas. The strength of the Outlawry movement lies in the fact that all parties, all churches, and all degrees of pacifism are behind it.

Latest reports bring us word that sixty nations have signed, or have signified their intention of signing, the Briand-Kellogg Treaty. We can recall no treaty, not even the League of Nations Covenant itself, which has won such support as this. Or which gives such promise of fulfillment!

Abraham Lincoln, speaking of biographies, said:

Biographies as generally written are not only misleading, but false. The author makes a wonderful hero of his subject.

He magnifies his perfections, if he has any, and suppresses his imperfections. History is not history, unless it is the truth.

Times certainly do change! If Lincoln were speaking today, he would comment on the fact that the biographer magnifies his hero's *imperfections,* and suppresses his perfections, if he has any.

An abandoned Unitarian church in Brooklyn, N. Y., bears a sign announcing that the building is now being used by the Knights of Columbus. And over the stone portal still stands the old inscription, "The Truth Shall Make You Free"!

Travel Notes—On to India!

(Editorial Correspondence)

For one who prefers the humblest sidewalk to the best ship of the high seas, a trip from Chicago westward by way of San Francisco, Honolulu, Japan, China, the Philippines, India, Egypt, Italy, Southern France and New York, back to Chicago in the period from November 4 to March 19, is a considerable journey. Nevertheless, it is too late to turn back. The tickets are in hand, the bags are packed and just a moment ago from the Pullman window I saw Pikes Peak. (At this point my writing was interrupted by an eloquent porter, who insisted that I needed amber glasses to save my eyes from the glare of snow-capped peaks and the Royal Gorge. I bought a pair.) I am not a good sailor. Every moment aboard ship I regard in terms of Sherman's idea of war. Not that I expect to be sick; I may be, but that is a small matter. My troubles go deeper. I fear water—although in loyalty to the Constitution I must add that I approve it for drinking purposes. Once when discussing this matter with John Dietrick, the humanist minister of Minneapolis, I remarked that my humanism was probably responsible for my fear of the seas—that being unable to control the situation gave me a sense of helplessness. Dietrick replied that the trouble was that I was not enough of a humanist—that I should trust the human builders of the ship and the engineers and the captain and the staff. When returning from Europe another "comforter," Sydney B. Snow, the new President of Meadville, remarked that I was safer on board the ship than I would be on the streets of Chicago. That made bad matters worse! Anyway, the journey is begun—the sun shines—the Colorado Mountains are snow-capped, the Pullman porter is all smiles.

Moreover, the object of the journey is fascinating. I go as a delegate from the American Unitarian Association to participate in the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Brahmo Samaj, a liberal theistic religious movement in India. The celebration began August 20 last, and will continue through January, 1930. The peak of the 1929 celebration, participated in by the English and American delegates, takes place in Calcutta January 20 to 27. Already Dr. and Mrs. Franklin C. Southworth are in India. In our party are Dr. and Mrs. John H. Lathrop, of Brooklyn; Mrs. Sydney B. Snow and Alice Snow; Mrs. Ida Randall, sister of Silas Strawn, former minister to China; Dr. Celia P. Kimball and Mrs. Arthur Hook of Chicago; Mr. and Mrs John Elder and son and daughter of Keokuk, Iowa. The Elders sailed October 20 and will join us in Shanghai. The rest of us sail from San Francisco November 9 on the President Cleveland (interruption No. 2 the eloquent train porter insists on the beauty of Palmer Lake, Elephant Rock, etc.).

The founder of the Brahmo Samaj was Ram Mohun Roy, the Abraham Lincoln of modern India. Ram Mohun Roy attended Unitarian services and made valiant efforts to found a Unitarian movement in Calcutta prior to 1828. He gave as his reason for attending Unitarian services,

> Because the Unitarians reject Polytheism and Idolatry and any sophistical modification and thereby discountenance all the evil consequences resulting from them. Because Unitarians profess and inculcate the doctrine of Divine Unity—a doctrine which I find firmly maintained both by the Christian Scriptures and our most ancient writings commonly called the Vedas.

He called himself a Hindu Unitarian. But the conviction grew upon him that a native liberal movement would stand a better chance of success. Moreover, he believed in the unity of all truth and of the whole body of knowledge. His heart longed for the universal. So when upon returning from a Unitarian service two of his young friends complained of having to attend a "foreign place of worship," Ram Mohun Roy took the complaint very much to heart. Later he consulted Prince Dwarka Nath Tagore and others. A meeting was held in Ram Mohun's own house, and after plans to purchase a piece of land and build a house were considered and abandoned, a house was rented and services begun August 20, 1828. Here began rational Theism in India, free from books, institutions and personalities.

Brahma is an adjective derived from Brahman; Samaj is a noun meaning society. So the name Brahmo Samaj means "Society of God." But there seems to be some difference of opinion as to whether Ram Mohun Roy's theology was theistic or deistic, which is not strange since he was neither a philosopher nor a theologian, but a reformer. Of even greater significance than his theology was his passion for human brotherhood. He was a genuine reformer. Still he was a child of his day as were Jesus and all other great religious leaders. Although Ram Mohun Roy opposed caste he practiced caste and used his sacred thread. Although he opposed polygamy, he himself had two wives. Although he advocated the elimination of suttee (widow burning) he opposed the specific decree that abolished this practice. He was bitterly denounced in his day, his mother persecuted him and for awhile his wives refused to live with him, but as Rabindranath Tagore says "When the great ones of the world come, they bring conflict with them; or their coming had no significance." In November of 1830 he sailed for England, where he was received with great respect and cordiality. But he never again saw his native land, for in 1833 he died in the city of Bristol. Like other great

religious movements, the Brahmo Samaj, after the death of its founder, broke up into sects. But J. N. Farquhar says, "Ram Mohun Roy is the pioneer of all living advance, religious, social and educational, in the Hindu community in the 19th century." Again he says "Of all the religious movements of the 19th century, the Brahmo Samaj has, without doubt, proved the most influential." Out of all proportion to its numbers the Brahmo Samaj has been successful. It has represented the religious aspirations of many leading native families, including the Tagores. Whatever its future, if any, may be, its past is full of good works and noble ideals. It will be a great pleasure and privilege to carry greetings, not only from the Unitarians and other liberals, but also from the Humanists of America to the Theists of India.

The eloquent train porter taps me on the shoulder. Our train approaches the Royal Gorge, I lay down Farquhar's "Modern Religious Movements in India" and Eno's "Critical Evaluation of the Modernist Trends in Hinduism," and pick up the amber glasses for another look at Pikes Peak. It is not so beautiful as Mont Blanc viewed from Geneva, but it is very beautiful, and it has the advantage of being American, on election day, at a time when I am feeling unusually patriotic.

Tomorrow we cross Salt Lake, next day, Thursday, we cross Carquinez Straits and Frisco Bay, things that I never like to do. On Friday we sail. Then goodbye to the American Unitarian Association, most potent of liberal movements; to the Western Conference, freest of religious groups; to Abraham Lincoln Center, prophecy of a new day (and to the priceless dwellers therein); and to Lombard College, my latest love.

And on to India!

CURTIS W. REESE.

1:50 P. M., Nov. 6, 1928.
Aboared the D. & R. Scenic Limited.

Religion and Civic Duty

This is written before and will be printed after November 6. The sentiments expressed do not turn upon the result of the election. But the campaign is bringing to the fore considerations which transcend the decision as to what ticket shall be triumphant. Religion is playing a more conspicuous part than it has in any previous campaign in the memory of the voters of today. The situation provokes comment along several different lines among those who are interested in religious questions. This article deals with only one of these lines.

An excessive fussiness seeks to "keep religion out of politics." Why? Intolerance ought to be kept out of politics and out of religion and out of every other human relationship. That must be agreed without question among all good citizens. But why should religion be kept out of politics, or politics out of religion? Considerations in each and both fields determine human welfare and destiny. When a question which has been for two generations recognized as the concern of the religious forces of our society gets into politics, with what propriety does any forbid the religious-minded from pursuing it among its new associations? Shall those citizens who have labored under the urge of religious conviction to abolish the liquor evil be compelled to fold their hands and stifle their voices in sanctimonious impotence while politicians make a football of a cause they have come to esteem sacred?

The attempt to play this little trick is familiar enough on the part of cunning politicians. The present campaign has swept into alliance with them numbers of our outstanding religious leaders. One of the most amazing incidents of the campaign was the pronouncement of Dr. Hugh Walker, Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, calling upon all good Presbyterians to repudiate the political leadership of Alfred E. Smith, and to support the national ticket of the opposing party. This counsel he based squarely upon the prohibition issue. He did not mince words. Those who read his message knew what he meant.

I say this was one of the most amazing incidents of the campaign. It is so not for the reasons which numerous Presbyterian clerical and lay leaders have discovered in it. Two phases of the situation which these have overlooked give it its real significance. Dr. Hugh Walker is a southern man, very much of a southerner. A large proportion of his ministry has been spent in the southern branch of the Presbyterian Church, where the divorce of politics and religion is a tenet scarcely less inviolate than the doctrine of the damnation of the non-elect. Furthermore, being a southerner, allegiance to the Democratic Party, with a big D and a bigger P, is quite as inviolate as are most tenets of religion. Yet this man, under this powerful urge, deliberately and unequivocally declared himself, and called upon all of his fellow-churchmen to declare themselves, for the candidate of the perennially hated Republican Party, because he conceived the abolition of the liquor traffic to be at stake in the election!

This article is not concerned with the moral or economic or political merits of the liquor question. Just now only mark this spectacle of a man so moved by religious conviction that he violates what multitudes of his associates have exalted into an article of religion, and what other multitudes of his associates esteem a political and social doctrine not less inviolate than their religion, to assert the higher religious duty of political action. Over against this spectacle there flare the stormy protests of a lay Breckinridge of Kentucky and of a lay Jessup of New York, who find cause for denouncing the usurpations of this Presbyterian "prelate." They rightly claim great prestige for their family names. No others are more distinguished in the denomination. How far their denunciations are inspired by their political predilections may be partially gauged by their known antipathy to the 18th amendment. But their dissent is ostensibly based upon repugnance to the intrusion of politics into religion and of religion into politics!

Dr. Henry van Dyke also leaps into the picture. He was a Democrat under Wilson, and he retains appetite for wines. Governor Smith as president promises to make those who are devoted to their wines and beer

more respectable than they can be under a regimen which forces them into the present unrelieved indignity of consorting with bootleggers. Comradeship with smuggling scofflaws of no matter how gentlemanly mien is wearing on the nerves of many of our leading citizens. Dr. van Dyke is himself an ex-moderator of the General Assembly. He is prodigiously scandalized by the usurpations of his ecclesiastical successor. The merits of the liquor question are not permitted to obtrude. With this distinguished churchman the issue is purely one of ecclesiastical propriety. Politics and religion must not be permitted to mix!

Joins even Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin. He, too, finds much cause for reprobation in this unseemly message from the Moderator. Dr. Coffin was once distinguished for a degree of courage, but there are numerous signs that that high ecclesiastical office has reduced the heat of his holy fire. At any rate, he deplores the profanation of religion at the hands of a Presbyterian Moderator who cries out against political jeopardy to the prohibition cause.

Utterly and witheringly conclusive, however, is the "ex cathedra" edict of Dr. Walker's associate in high office. Dr. Mudge of Philadelphia is State Clerk of the General Assembly. He issues a technical knock-out for this presumptuous Moderator. He issues warning to every presbytery (district organization) and synod (state organization) in the denomination that all kinds of precedent and the explicit orders of the General Assembly altogether disallow the participation of Presbyterian bodies in politics. In further substantiation of the point he quotes lugubrious passages of scripture indited for the guidance of timid groups of come-outers in the pagan Roman Empire some eighteen hundred or more years ago.

So the question is settled. This Moderator is scandalously wrong. Presbyterians as Presbyterians are not to care how decisions go in current politics. And all of the ministers of the Presbyterian church are to keep themselves aloof from the unholy thing, and apply themselves unreservedly to the "ministry of the Word," a word, by the way, fixed and sealed against alteration or re-interpretation centuries before the society in which they officiate as religious leaders was formed or its like was even conceived.

But all this is the merest incident. Prohibition is not the best issue to provide the real test. The atmosphere of a national political campaign is not one in which the clearest vision is possible. The whole question of religious obligation and civic duty is up, and it will be too bad if it is allowed to subside or be obscured by other issues or neglects after the election is over. Universally our American communities are suffering from the pernicious doctrine that religion and politics are mutually inviolate, and no event must be permitted to bring them together.

Under this regimen civic interests are largely based upon self-interest, group-interest and financial expediency. There is often no possibility of bringing any considerable number of citizens to a stand where large public concerns are faced as right or wrong, as beneficial or deleterious to the higher life of either the individual or the community. Conscience gets no chance to play upon civic responsibilities. The religious impulses are cooped up in ecclesiastical institutions rigidly barred against civic issues, or else they are atrophied through the complete alienation of multitudes from the official institutions of religion. In either case these spiritual organs are civically impotent, and the community is forbidden their powerful influence in dealing with its civic problems.

The indictment against our churches for producing this state of affairs is damning. The redemptive energies are here to match all of our serious social and civic problems. If the religious impulses of our population could be unleashed from their present ecclesiastical bondage there is no limit to the renovative work which might be done. Purity in politics is not an "iridescent dream" if these religious impulses can be brought directly to bear upon our political problems. Civic blundering and stagnation are unnecessary. The false status forced upon religion by our official religious institutions accounts for our degree of civic backwardness. Municipal muddling and corruption are not by the will of the people. They would not be tolerated by a citizenship whose religious energies were not confined behind the bars which ecclesiasticism has set up.

The prevalent identification of religion with an other-worldly pietism is not alone blighting to the individuals affected. It is stagnating our whole civic life. The more than half of our population whose connection with our churches is either nil or entirely nominal are not, of course, irreligious. They simply do not find in the churchly pietistic program any catch-hold for their religious energies. They are so persistently and with such official finality charged to believe that this pietism is religion and religion is fully comprehended in it that, against their own judgment, many believe it. Thus the very springs of religion are turned for them into a desert. As they face their civic responsibilities they have no religious resources to bring to bear in interpreting their duty. At one ecclesiastical stroke their religious life is blighted, and their citizenship is rendered impotent through the loss of those energies which can alone keep it vital.

The cure of this evil condition does not lie in a religious ministry which shall tell the citizens how they shall vote and how otherwise they shall discharge their civic duties. Certainly ministers of religion as now trained and conditioned are incapable of such a function. The cure will rather be found in the prevalence of a conception of religion which identifies it with community building. Other-worldly pietism is not to be denied to any who will make it a sufficient motive for the discharge of their duties of citizenship. But no religious motivation is worthy which blunts or blurs the sense of civic responsibility. The supreme end of religion is the creation of that society in which the higher life of human beings shall flourish. An ecclesiastical system which does not directly and consciously contribute to that purpose, certainly a system which frustrates it, must be condemned as irreligion, not approved as religion.

If the recent political campaign shall have brought this issue squarely forward, and shall have fixed it in the public attention whence it will be impossible again to dislodge it, that will be another eminently beneficent result of an election which on several other counts must go down in history as peculiarly momentous. And if this result shall actually follow, no other result can quite compare with it in significance.

JOSEPH ERNEST MCAFEE.

The Best in the Bible

What Is It? And Where to Be Found?

If we are really intelligent persons, and true to our intelligence, we can not and will not attempt to build religion on the *whole* Bible—on *all* that it contains; but only on its *best parts;* on its *highest ethical* and *spiritual teachings,*—those which are seen to stand the test of time and modern knowledge, and which give evidence of being both true and of permanent value in connection with men's universal religious needs.

In the very nature of the case, all parts of the Bible can not be of equal worth. The Bible is not a single book, but a collection of pamphlets or booklets bound in a single volume. In other words, it is a literature, which was more than a thousand years in coming into existence, and which gives us a many-sided record, or sort of literary panorama of the history, the growth, the evolution, throughout that long period, of the life, the civilization and the religion of the Jewish people.

I say evolution. As we read the story, nothing is more clear than that the religious thought and life, the ethical and spiritual ideas and ideals, which appear in the Bible, were a growth, gradual evolution, from low standards of right and wrong and crude conceptions of God, little if at all above those of the idolatrous peoples round about Palestine when the Hebrew tribes made their appearance there, perhaps about 1300 B. C., on and on and up, with many breaks, standstills and even devolutions, but on the whole *up,* to the higher ethical ideals of conduct and the purer conceptions of God found in the teachings of the greatest prophets, in some of the Psalms, and especially in the utterances of Jesus.

Here we have a general answer to our questions: What is the Best in the Bible? And Where Is It to Be Found? Of course, it is to be found at the *culmination of the evolution,* not at the beginning or at any intermediate stages. In other words, it is what the Hebrew people *grew up to,* as the result of their religious history and experience.

But this answer is too general: we require one more specific.

Going to the Old Testament in search for its highest teachings, no one can doubt that they are to be found in such lofty utterances as that of the prophet Micah:

> What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God;

and in such ringing calls to justice, mercy, sincerity and right-living as are seen in the greatest chapters of the book of Isaiah:

> What to me is the multitude of your sacrifices? Bring no more vain oblations; incense is an abomination unto me. . . . Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil: learn to do well. Seek justice, relieve the oppressed, render right judgment in behalf of the fatherless, plead for the widow.

Much of the Old Testament's best is found also in the Psalms—not, however, in every one, but in the noblest and purest of them, those that we most prize and love; in those lyrical passages of sublime contemplation, lofty aspiration, spiritual vision, reverence, trust, faith, contrition, and deep devotion, which are scattered like gold and gems, throughout the collection; for example, such immortal verses as:

> O Lord, my God, Thou art very great;
> Thou art clothed with honor and majesty;
> Thou coverest thyself with light as with a garment.

> Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle?
> And who shall dwell in thy holy hill?
> He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness.

> The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
> He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
> He leadeth me beside the still waters.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
> I will fear no evil: for thou art with me.

> God is my refuge and strength,
> A very present help in trouble.
> Therefore will I not fear though the earth be removed,
> And though the mountains be cast into the depths of the sea.

> Search me, O God, and know my heart;
> Try me, and know my thoughts,
> And lead me in the way everlasting.

Turning to the New Testament, it is somewhat more difficult to point out the best there, because the "star" utterances, the teachings of higher ethical and spiritual elevation and value, are so numerous. But we shall make no mistake if we select the following:

In the Epistle of James this shining word:

> Pure religion and undefiled before our God and Father, is to visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction, and to keep oneself unspotted from the world.

In the Epistles ascribed to John:

> Beloved, now are we children of God. God is love, and every one that loveth is born of God and knoweth God.

In the Epistles of Paul, his great chapter on charity or love, in which he declares that love is supreme over everything.

In the Book of Acts, Paul's great declarations:

> God hath made of one blood all nations of men. God is not far from every one of us, for in him we live and move and have our being.

And Peter's declaration, not less great:

> In every nation he that reverences God and works righteousness is accepted of him.

In the least historic of the Gospels, the Fourth, the remarkable conversation of Jesus with the woman of Samaria:

> Woman, believe me, the hour cometh and now is, when the true worshipers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth. God is spirit (or a spirit); and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth. (Ernest Renan declares this to be the Eternal Religion, which in ten thousand years will have lost none of its truth, beauty, or moral power.)

In the first three Gospels, which are believed by all scholars to contain the most trustworthy records of the teachings of Jesus, we find conspicuous this declaration:

> Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart; this is the first commandment. And the second is like unto it. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two hang all the law and the prophets.

Here, in love to God and man, Jesus epitomizes his conception of true religion.

Among his other teachings, only second to these in importance, are his "Blessed" are the "pure in heart," the "gentle," the "merciful," the "peacemakers," and those who hunger and thirst after righteousness"; and also the following:

> Love your enemies; bless them that curse you.
>
> All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do you even so to them.

Our Father who art in heaven hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth as in heaven.

Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.

It is more blessed to give than to receive.

The "greatest" among you is "he that serves."

Not everyone that saith unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my father.

Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

If thou bringest thy gift to the altar and there remembereest that thy brother has aught against thee, go, first be reconciled to thy brother, then come and offer thy gift.

Of signal ethical elevation and worth are also three of the parables of Jesus, the Prodigal Son, the Lost Sheep, and the Good Samaritan.

I need not go further. Clearly we have here the Bible's best,—the culmination of that extraordinary religious evolution of which the Bible is the remarkable, the priceless, literary record.

It is upon these lofty, shining, unexcelled, immortal, ethical and spiritual teachings of the Old Testament and the New (and upon others similar, for there are many others in both Testaments whose spiritual elevation and moral worth are hardly lower), assuredly it is on *these,* and *not* upon the *whole* Bible or upon *any of its lower parts,* that any religion *must build* which hopes to keep the respect of modern men, and exert the morally uplifting influence in society which the modern world demands.

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyright, 1927)

PART V—CHAPTERS VIII AND IX

Lakshman Jhula

It was a positive relief to reach the Gurukul and meet Mahatma Munshiramji with his giant frame. I at once felt the wonderful contrast between the peace of the Gurukul and the din and noise of Hardvar.

The Mahatma overwhelmed me with affection. The Bramacharis were all attention. It was here that I was first introduced to Acharya Ramadevji and I could immediately see what a force and a power he must be. We had different viewpoints in several matters, nevertheless, our acquaintance soon ripened into friendship.

I had long discussions with Acharya Ramadevji and other professors about the necessity of introducing industrial training into the Gurukul. When the time came for going away it was a wrench to leave the place.

I had heard much in praise of the Lakshman Jhula (a hanging bridge over the Ganges) some distance from Hrishikesh, and many friends pressed me not to leave Hardvar without having gone as far as the bridge. I wanted to do this pilgrimage on foot and so I did it in two stages.

Many *sannyasis* called on me at Hrishikesh. One of them was particularly attracted towards me. The Phoenix party was there and their presence drew from the Swami many questions.

We had discussions about religion and he realized that I felt deeply about the matters of religion. He saw me bare-headed and shirtless as I had returned from my bath in the Ganges. He was pained to miss the *shikha* (tuft of hair) on my head and the sacred thread on me and said:

"It pains me to see you, a believing Hindu, going without the sacred thread and the *shikha.* These are the two external symbols of Hinduism and every Hindu ought to wear them."

Now there is a history as to how I came to dispense with both. When I was an urchin of ten, I envied the Brahman lads sporting bunches of keys tied to their sacred threads and I wished I could do likewise. The practice of wearing the sacred thread was not then common among the *vaishya* families in Kathiawad. But a movement had just been started for making it obligatory for the first three *varnas.* As a result several members of the Gandhi clan adopted the sacred thread. The Brahman who was teaching two or three of us boys *Ramaraksha* invested us with the thread and although I had no occasion to possess a bunch of keys, I got one and began to sport it. Later, when the thread gave way, I do not remember whether I missed it very much. But I know that I did not go in for a fresh one.

As I grew up several well-meaning attempts were made, both in India and South Africa, to reinvest me with the sacred thread, but with little success. If the *shudras* may not wear it, I argued, what right have the other *varnas* to do so? And I saw no adequate reason for adopting what was to me an unnecessary custom. I had no objection to the thread as such, but the reasons for wearing it were lacking.

As a *vaishnava* I naturally wore round my neck the *kanthi,* and the *shikha* was considered obligatory by elders. On the eve of my going to England, however, I got rid of the *shikha* lest when I was bare-headed it should expose me to ridicule and make me look as I then thought a barbarian in the eyes of the Englishmen. In fact, this cowardly feeling carried me so far that in South Africa I got my cousin Chhaganlal Gandhi, who was religiously wearing the *shikha,* to do away with it. I feared that it might come in the way of his public work, and so even at the risk of paining him I made him get rid of it.

I, therefore, made a clean breast of the whole matter to the Swami and said:

"I will not wear the sacred thread, for I see no necessity for it, when countless Hindus can go without it and yet remain Hindus. Moreover, the sacred thread should be a symbol of spiritual regeneration, presupposing a deliberate attempt on the part of the wearer at a higher and purer life. I doubt whether in the present state of Hinduism and of India, Hindus can substantiate the right to wear a symbol charged with such a meaning. That right can come only after Hinduism has purged itself of untouchability, has removed all distinctions of superiority and inferiority, and shed a host of other evils and shams that have become

rampant in it. My mind, therefore, rebels against the idea of wearing the sacred thread. But I am sure, your suggestion about the *shikha* is worth considering. I once used to have it, and I discarded it from a false sense of shame. And so I feel that I should start growing it again. I shall discuss the matter with my comrades."

The Swami did not appreciate my position with regard to the sacred thread. The very reasons that seemed to me to point to not wearing it appeared to him to favor its wearing. Even today my position remains about the same as it was at Hrishikesh. So long as there are different religions, every one of them may need some outward distinctive symbol. But when the symbol is made into a fetish and an instrument of proving the superiority of one's religion over others' then it is fit only to be discarded. The sacred thread does not appear to me today to be a means of uplifting Hinduism. I am, therefore, indifferent to it.

As for the *shikha,* cowardice having been the reason for discarding it, after consultation with friends I decided to regrow it.

But to return to Lakshman Jhula. I was charmed with the natural scenery about Hrishikesh and the Lakshman Jhula, and bowed my head in reverence to our ancestors for their sense of the beautiful in Nature, and for their foresight in investing beautiful manifestations of nature with a religious significance.

But the way in which men were using these beauty spots was far from giving me peace. As at Hardvar so at Hrishikesh, people dirtied the road and the fair banks of the Ganges. They did not even hesitate to desecrate the sacred water of the Ganges.

Lakshman Jhula was, I saw, nothing but an iron suspension bridge over the Ganges. I was told that originally there had been a fine rope-bridge. But a philanthropic Marwadi got it into his head to destroy the rope-bridge and erect an iron one at a heavy cost and then entrusted the keys to the Government! I am at a loss to say anything about the rope-bridge as I have never seen it, but the iron bridge is entirely out of place in such surroundings and mars their beauty. The making over of the keys of this pilgrims' bridge to Government was too much even for my loyalty of those days.

The *Svargashram* which one reaches after crossing the bridge was a wretched place, being nothing but a number of shabby-looking sheds of galvanized iron sheets. These, I was told, were made for *sadhaks* (aspirants). There were hardly any living there at the moment. Those who were in the main building gave one an unfavorable impression.

But the Hardvar experiences proved for me to be of inestimable value. They helped me in no small way to decide where I was to live and what I was to do.

Founding of the Ashram

The pilgrimage to the Kumbha Fair was my second visit to Hardvar.

The Satyagraha Ashram was founded on the 25th of May, 1915. Shraddhanandji wanted me to settle in Hardvar. Some of my Calcutta friends recommended Vaidynathadham. Others strongly urged me to choose Rajkot. But when I happened to pass through Ahmedabad many friends pressed me to settle down there and they volunteered to find the expenses of the Ashram, as well as a house for us to live in.

I had a predilection for Ahmedabad. Being Gujarati I thought I should be able to render the greatest service to the country through the Gujarati language. And then as Ahmedabad was an ancient center of handloom weaving it was likely to be the most favorable field for the revival of the cottage industry of hand-spinning. There was also the hope, that the city being the capital of Gujarat, monetary help from its wealthy citizens would be more available here than elsewhere.

The question of untouchability was naturally among the subjects discussed with the Ahmedabad friends. I made it clear to them that I should take the first opportunity of admitting an untouchable candidate to the Ashram if he was otherwise worthy.

"Where is the untouchable who will satisfy your conditions?" said a *vaishnava* friend self-complacently.

I finally decided to found the Ashram at Ahmedabad.

So far as accommodation was concerned, Sjt. Jivanlal Desai, a Barrister in Ahmedabad, was the principal man to help me. He offered to let and we decided to hire his Kochrab bungalow.

The first thing we had to settle was the name of the Ashram. I consulted friends. Amongst the names suggested were "Sevashram" (the abode of service), "Tapovan" (the abode of austerities), etc. I liked the name "Sevashram," but for the absence of emphasis on the method of service. "Tapovan" seemed to be a pretentious title, because though *tapas* was dear to us, we could not presume to be *tapasvis* (men of austerity). Our creed was devotion to truth, and our business was the search for and insistence on truth. I wanted to acquaint India with the method I had tried in South Africa and I desired to test in India the extent to which its application might be possible. So my companions and I selected the name "Satyagraha Ashram," as conveying both our goal and our method of service.

For the conduct of the Ashram a code of rules and observances was necessary. A draft was therefore prepared and friends were invited to express their opinions on it. Amongst the many opinions that were received, that of Sir Gurudas Bannerji is still in my memory. He liked the rules but suggested that humility should be added as one of the observances, as he believed that the younger generation sadly lacked humility. Though I had noticed this fault, I feared humility would cease to be humility the moment it became a matter of vow. The true connotation of humility is self-effacement. Self-effacement is *moksha* —salvation—and whilst it cannot by itself be an observance there may be other observances necessary for its attainment. If the acts of an aspirant after *moksha* or a servant have no humility or selflessness about them, there is no longing for *moksha* or service. Service without humility is selfishness and egotism.

There were at this time about thirteen Tamilians in our party. Five Tamil youngsters had accompanied me from South Africa, and the rest came from different parts of the country. We were in all about twenty-five men and women.

This is how the Ashram was started. All had their meals in a common kitchen, and strove to live as one family.

M. K. GANDHI.

(*Translated from Navajivan by Mahadeo Desai.*)

The Study Table

Lenin and the Bolshevik Republic

Of books on Russia, there would seem to be no end. Most of these books are pretty bad; some are as good as the average book on the average subject; a few are excellent. It is three books[1] of this last variety which we would herewith call to the attention of our readers.

Of these books, by all odds, the most striking and impressive is the volume by Füllop-Miller, author of that remarkable study of "Lenin and Gandhi," which was reviewed in these columns some months ago. We have seldom handled so gorgeous a volume as this. The pictures, of which there are well over two hundred, surpass anything that we have seen in any work on Russia and the revolution. These pictures give a glimpse into the life of this amazing country which is fairly startling in its vividness and power. If there were nothing else in the book but this collection of photographs and drawings, it would be a work of the first importance.

But the text, beautifully printed in handsome type on large, expansive pages, has its own unique and extraordinary interest. Here are chapters on the philosophy of Bolshevism more penetrating and profound than we have seen in any other place. A chapter on Lenin pierces to the very heart of this gigantic genius. The descriptions of the life and manners of the people are of unusual elaboration. But what makes this volume of almost incalculable importance is the author's presentation of the cultural life of the Bolsheviks—what these revolutionists are doing with the civilization which has fallen into their hands. In a series of chapters, full of intricate detail, Füllop-Miller tells us about the new architecture and sculpture of the Bolsheviks, their experiments in wood-carving and pottery, their reconstruction of the whole theory and art of the theatre, their music and poetry, their education, religion, and mystic dreams. All culture, all art, science, and philosophy, say the Bolsheviks, has its origin in the character of the society from which it springs—especially the economic character. The culture which dominates our western world—its architecture, sculpture, music, literature—is the fruit of the bourgeois, or middle-class, civilization of the last three hundred years, as the great cathedrals, fortresses, ecclesiastical paintings, scholastic and troubador literature of the Middle Ages were all the fruit of the feudal civilization of that period. Now, the Bolshevists are engaged in the business of destroying this bourgeois, or capitalistic, civilization, and putting the new Communistic civilization in its place. This means, as they believe, that they must destroy the cultural works of this civilization, and themselves create the new works of the new day that now has come.

There is something magnificent, not to say audacious, in the way the Bolsheviks have set themselves deliberately to the task of building their own buildings, composing their own music, writing their own poetry, producing their own drama, conceiving their own "religion," developing their own education. They refuse to concede that these things grow, as the slowly matured product of centuries of cultural experience. Just as they believe not in social evolution, but in the vast cataclysm of sudden destruction and recreation, so they believe—not in cultural evolution, but in the deliberate and immediate creation—out of nothing, so to speak—of the new art and the new life. The result, to put it mildly, is amazing. Much of it seems, to the mild-mannered middle-class reader of the west, like a hideous night-mare. But the vitality displayed in these Bolshevist experiments, the sheer courage exhibited in this perfectly definite attempt to build a new civilization from the bottom up, stir the heart. In no material that we have ever studied, have we found so soul-shaking a realization of the wholly new phenomenon that has come into the world with Bolshevism as in the material in this book. Here is a vaster revolution than we have yet dared to think!

Füllop-Miller is not himself a Bolshevist, or a sympathizer with Bolshevism. He is shocked by the submergence of the individual in what he calls "the collective man" which lies at the heart of Communism. He mourns for liberty. He despises the materialism of the Bolshevists, and abhors their ethics and religion (on non-ethics and irreligion). He feels certain that this new culture, if we may call it such, is a phase of the madness which accompanies all revolution, where it is not a phase of the madness of the Russian soul itself. Certain that the social, political, and economic changes have come to stay, he cannot believe that this mechanized poetry, this machine music, this geometrized architecture is anything more than the momentary eruption of crazed minds. But he sees the enormous interest of these phenomena, and putting aside his own prejudices and convictions, he gathers and presents the facts with true scientific detachment and enthusiasm. Füllop-Miller has done what nobody else has done, so far as we know. He has broken new ground, revealed a still-hidden world. Just to the extent that we may believe that this world is, culturally speaking at least, a passing world, this book, aptly named the "Mind and Face of Bolshevism," is of permanent as well as of immediate interest.

Marcu's biography of Lenin[2] is, in many ways, a great book. Its literary power is unquestionable; a poor translation cannot repress what must be the epic grandeur of the original. As regards the actual life of Lenin, the facts of his career, this long book seems to add curiously little to the meagre store of information now available. I doubt if any more, or as much, is told in these pages than in the far fewer pages of Füllop-Miller in his "Lenin and Gandhi." Even the interpretation of Lenin's genius seems superficial and feeble as compared with the interpretation given by Füllop-Miller in the comparatively brief chapter on Lenin in the volume just reviewed above. In these respects, Marcu's book is frankly disappointing.

What this author does with incomparable brilliancy and power is what has been attempted but never successfully done by previous writers on the theme. He has given us the background of Lenin's life—the Russia of the Tsar and Rasputin, of Witte and Stolypin, of Siberia and the prison of Peter and Paul, of bloody assassinations and hidden conspiracies, of the peasants, the priests, the factory-workers, the terrorists, the emigrés, and the mounting flood of war, revolution, pes-

*1. "The Mind and face of Bolshevism," by René Füllop-Miller. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5.

2. "Lenin," by Valeriu Marcu. Published by the Macmillan Company. $3.

tilence, famine, and the new regime. This book is exactly what Lenin himself would have it—a picture of the cosmic forces which swept away a dynasty, a civilization, and lifted him, great genius that he was, like a chip to the seething surface of a wave. In handling these materials, Marcu writes like Thomas Carlyle in his "French Revolution." There is an epic sweep in his pages which is breath-taking. The picture of the abortive revolution of 1905 is like a page from Dante's "Inferno." The triumphant story of 1917 mounts like a flood, and roars like a tempest. We found ourself fairly panting as we read these chapters. We saw lightnings flash, and heard thunder and the sound of many waters. And out of the vast chaos of it all, emerged Lenin, who, like another Titan, grasped a shaken world and tamed it to his will. Never has any book given us such a conviction of the greatness of Lenin as this book which deals primarily not with Lenin at all, but with the stupendous forces of social upheaval in the midst of which he lived. He was a greater than Cromwell—a greater even than Bonaparte off the field of battle. What this man did from 1917 to 1922 must stand forever as one of the supreme human achievements of all time.

"Soviet Russia in the Second Decade"[3] is a tame and sober experience after these two thrilling works. It is the report of the survey of Russia made by "the technical staff of the first American Trade Union delegation," which visited the Bolshevik Republic in the summer of 1927. A preliminary report signed by four of these delegates was published in a small volume, entitled "Russia After Ten Years," shortly after the return of the party to this country. This volume is an elaborate and authoritative expansion of this earlier statement. There is nothing exciting in its reading, except to the lover of statistics and economic data. The book keeps itself rigorously to its own field of agriculture, industry, finance, transportation, education, labor organization, government, and thus has nothing to say about marriage, religion, art and other moot questions. It describes, in other words, just the other hemisphere of Russian life from that handled by Füllop-Miller. But in this particular field, the book is invaluable. We count it the best and most trustworthy work now available on the political and economic conditions in Russia today.

The picture given is on the whole a cheerful one. It shows a country, shattered by war and revolution, slowly gathering and organizing its life along new and permanent lines. It presents a people of primitive culture and meagrely-developed natural resources, rapidly climbing to higher stages of civilization. The book is an impressive confirmation of the earlier and much-criticized report of the British Labor Party.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

The Soviets

Of all the stream of books which has issued from the press about Soviet Russia in the last few years, no more serviceable or informative have appeared, to my mind, than this bakers' dozen of the Vanguard Press. And none of them is more distinguished or attractive than this one of Mr. Brailsford's, "How the Soviets Work."[4]

The author quite properly says in his preface that the problem he attacks is as much "why" the Soviets work as "how," and with the acumen and skill of an experienced journalist and observer, he proceeds to lay bare not only the anatomy, but the physiology and natural history with a dash of the psychology of this strange new animal.

In the interest of the "how" of the problem, I find myself wishing for some of the graphic devices so generously used by the Soviets themselves to inform the illiterate. A few charts would not be amiss for the sake of clarity. But notwithstanding this lack, even the devoutest partisans of democracy cannot fail to find in the structure and functions of this instrument of the dictatorship as here described, some valuable suggestions for a more perfect expression of the public will than have yet been used. Likewise he will find some guide posts to the science of making government near and practical.

On the "why" side perhaps the most important contribution of the book is a clear exposition of the fact that the Soviet is an indigenous product, developed in the long gestation of a sanguinary history, perfectly adapted to the mind and hand of the Russian people—and incidentally to the uses of the Communists. For no greater injustice has been done the whole phenomenon of the Russian Revolution than that most common one of applying the canons of our own conduct and ideas as a measure of progress.

Mr. Brailsford saw Russia in the depths of 1920 and again last year when this book was written. In his closing chapter he declares "The sense of movement and progress in the minds of the Russian masses is one of the most potent reasons 'why the Soviet works.'" It is noteworthy that this final chapter of "Perspectives," while bristling with acute and often adverse criticism, is on the whole a chapter of hope and faith in a new and finer Russia, growing up slowly through the Soviets.

Somehow, there seems to be a strikingly strange similarity about all final chapters written about Russia these days by those with discerning eyes.

KARL BORDERS.

"Village Life Under the Soviets"[5]

Mr. Karl Borders is an American student, missionary, relief worker, and at present assistant head resident at Chicago Commons. He spent nearly three years in Russia, "first as a worker with the Quaker relief forces in 1922, and again with the Russian Reconstruction Farms since 1925." He speaks and reads Russian, and thus has immediate access to sources of information which are not directly available to most travelers and visitors in Russia.

The primary method of presentation is again that of action-pictures. The contents contain such interesting sketches as: "A Village of the Steppe," "Ivan Ivanich at Home," "The Family Wardrobe," "Dinner Time," "In the Barnyard," "In the Field," "Enter the Tractor," "The Market Place," "The Village Mir," "What Does the Peasant Think?" "The Church" and "The Little Red School House."

To illustrate the kind of case story found in

3. "Soviet Russia in the Second Decade." Edited by Stuart Chase, Robert Dunn and Rexford Guy Tugwell. Published by John Day. $4.

4. How the Soviets Work, by H. N. Brailsford. The Vanguard Press, New York. 50 cts.

5. Village Life Under the Soviets, by Karl Borders. The Vanguard Press, New York.

The Field

'The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

ARMS AND THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

[The following letters and editorials, published in England in connection with Armistice Day, have interest for citizens of this country. We are indebted to our English correspondent, Mr. Harrison Brown, for this material.—Editor]

I

To the Editor of the Manchester Guardian.

Sir,—It has been suggested of late that Armistice Day is in danger of losing its value and degenerating into routine; that, with repetition, it means less, and has become rather an occasion for military display than an expression of the nation's will to peace. And, so long as the ceremony at the Cenotaph remains so largely military without a difference, there is some force in the criticism.

But why should not the difference be made and become the symbol of what Armistice Day ought surely to mean—a communal expression of the country's desire for peace to be permanent? It is right and fitting that troops should attend at the Cenotaph to do honour to the memory of dead comrades; but it is less right and fitting that they should attend bearing arms. For if those arms have ever to be used again in a European war the Cenotaph stands for a sacrifice made in vain.

Is it, then, too much to ask from the Government that in this year of the signing of the Kellogg Pact, and always hereafter, the troops used for the ceremony shall appear without arms? It would be a symbol easily understood, and very welcome, I am sure, to the vast majority of our countrymen; and it would enable many to whom the military parade of Armistice Day has hitherto been a stumbling block to accept the celebration as whole-heartedly as others, and the red poppy as no longer implying a fixed belief in the efficacy of arms.—Yours, &c.,

—*Laurence Housman.*

Street, Somerset, October 25.

II

[Editorial in the Manchester *Guardian*]

The celebrations of Armistice Day have changed their character in the course of years. What was at first an occasion of thanksgiving has become one of commemoration. We rejoice in the anniversary of peace, but we also pay sad tribute to the dead. The change has come about of itself, and few would wish it otherwise. But there has also entered into the celebrations an element of military parade which may strike a discordant note. Mr. Laurence Housman, in a letter which we publish today, urges that, though it is right and fitting for troops to attend a ceremony in honour of their comrades, it is not fitting that they should bear arms, since if these arms ever have to be used again the Cenotaph stands for a sacrifice made in vain. The element of military parade in London is greater than it is in Manchester and other cities less accustomed than London to the soldier's pageantry. We doubt if Mr. Housman would think that the true meaning of Armistice Day in Manchester was in danger of being obliterated beneath a military display. Nevertheless his suggestion is a good one. The presence of soldiers is appropriate to this occasion, as it is to many others, but the presence of soldiers without arms would be peculiarly appropriate to the celebrations of Armistice Day. It would give a special significance to the celebrations and serve to distinguish them even more sharply in the popular mind from the mere pomp of military display.

III

"In my judgment it is a perfectly absurd idea," said Sir Laming Worthington-Evans, Secretary for War, to a reporter yesterday, referring to the suggestion of Mr. Laurence Housman that Armistice Day was becoming rather an occasion for military display than an expression of the nation's will to peace, and proposing that in this year of the signing of the Kellogg Pact and always hereafter the troops used at the Cenotaph ceremony should not carry arms. "Are the troops to wear boots and uniforms?" asked Sir Laming. "If there are going to be troops at the Cenotaph they are going to be properly dressed. I think the suggestion is absolutely childish."

Lord Parmoor said he thought that an armistice celebration should in every way be an indication of the desire for peace, and from that point of view it might be very helpful that at the Cenotaph no arms should be carried.

IV

To the Editor of the Manchester Guardian.

Sir,—The Secretary of War says that Mr. Laurence Housman's suggestion that the troops at the Cenotaph ceremony should not carry arms is a "perfectly absurd idea," and makes humorous inquiries as to whether they are to wear boots. But why is the suggestion considered to be absurd? The ceremony at the Cenotaph (and similar ceremonies in countless towns on Armistice Day) is in its essence a religious ceremony. It is a tribute to those who died for their country, and invariably prayers are said and hymns sung. Why then cannot it be considered a church parade? And I have yet to learn that it is "absurd" for troops to attend church parade without carrying arms.

There are tens of thousands of people who agree with Mr. Laurence Housman, and, while they realize that the presence of troops in memory of those comrades who fell in battle is not wholly unsuitable, yet feel that the ceremony is at present marked by far too much military display. If no arms were carried it would be a helpful gesture. We are learning much in these days as to the

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these Vanguard books about Russia, let us look at the picture of the "Little Red School House," as we call it in America. Introduced by some general account of the present educational situation in Russia, and with the contrasting fact that the entire education of a certain member of the Gubernia Central Committee had consisted of three terms in the village school, Mr. Borders takes us to school.

> I found the school in session when I called, (narrates the author on page 160). Seated at their desks, the picture the children presented must have been to all outward appearance much the same as that of a hundred years ago. The same simple cotton Russian shirt, with a cord about the little waist, boots, or woven bark "lapti," with legs encased in skillfully wrapped cloth. Trousers were often patched, and there was one boy with a shirt so torn that he was ashamed to rise and recite. The girls, too, were in simple cotton print dresses, boots or lapti. A few even had shoes. But the teacher, I noticed at once, was called simply "Sergei Ivanovich," the way one equal addresses another. The calls to recitation and other requests were conveyed first to a bright tow-headed young Slav who was acting as monitor for the day. He then turned and repeated the order to the class in stentorian tones. The geography lesson was built around the presence of the visitor from America, with liberal use of the globe and of a cleverly-made cut-out of the hemisphere which was pinned to the wall for the occasion.

And so on, with a visit to the History class, tea with the teachers at the noon recess, and an account of discipline, said to be in the hands of the pupils themselves, who appoint a committee to hear the cases and to impose penalties, although corporal punishment is never permitted.

> The whole plan of education (Mr. Borders sums up) takes as its basis the acquaintance of the child with his environment, and is so arranged that this experience and investigation moves out gradually from the home and village to the more complicated social structure. The teacher may be seen not only in the school room with his pupils, but on a walk through the fields and woods, or on a trip of sanitary inspection in the village, or on an excursion to some nearby place of interest.

With such a type of education preparing the citizens of the coming generation one may well look forward to a true movement of general political and economic progress in the land of the Soviets. Our thanks are due to the author, the editor, and the publishing company for these books which give us such interesting glimpses of the every-day life of the Russian people, which seems to be preparing them to take their part in a somewhat uncertain world future.

H. A. Sturges.

power of suggestion. Surely at Armistice time we need above all else to suggest the things that make for peace. The suggestion of Mr. Housman would be a step in the right direction. Where is the municipality that will be brave enough to lead the way?—Yours, &c.,

—*Denis Fletcher.*

Swinton Vicarage, October 29.

To the Editor of the Manchester Guardian.

Sir,—The very practical and sensible suggestion to the effect that troops attending the Cenotaph service on Armistice Day should be present without arms, made in Mr. Laurence Housman's letter, should commend itself to all right-thinking people. Such a suggestion should be taken as a "gesture," and its meaning would be perfectly clear to all who can appreciate the proper significance of symbols and their consequent and corresponding omission.

I note that it is reported in your columns today that Sir Laming Worthington-Evans, Secretary for War, in reply to a question from a reporter, states: "In my judgment it is a perfectly absurd idea. . . Are the troops to wear boots and uniforms? If there are going to be troops at the Cenotaph they are going to be properly dressed. I think the suggestion is absolutely childish." The idea that arms form part and parcel of military "dress" is, of course, just the sergeant-major conception of such matters. The idea is not childish, whatever Sir Laming may think; but to suggest that the proposal that arms should be dispensed with also carries with it the suggestion that the troops should appear in public minus their uniforms and boots is not only childish but irrelevant. If a soldier is to be really properly dressed at the Cenotaph, will Sir Laming kindly consider the advisability of equipping him with live bombs, poison gas, and anything else of the same class of equipment? Why stop at the rifle and bayonet? Why not be up to date? Yours &c.,

—*Hugh E. Bentham,* late Sergeant Royal Fusiliers, 1916-19.

October 29.

V

To the Editor of the Daily Herald.

Sir Laming Worthington-Evans says Laurence Housman's suggestion that the troops at the Cenotaph Service on Armistice Day should not carry arms "is an absolutely absurd idea." Of course it is, in the mind of an individual who asks such a ridiculous question as Sir Laming did in giving his reply, "Are the troops to wear boots and uniform?" Who ever suggested they should go barefoot or naked?

When we can fully appeal to the intelligence of the people and not their emotionalism and sentimentalism, we shall learn that the Cenotaph service with armed troops is only a military parade to catch recruits.

—*W. F. Fleet.*

Smalley-road, N.16.

DISARMAMENT

The Kellogg Pact has been signed. The governments of the leading states of the world have entered into a solemn agreement with one another that they will renounce war as an instrument of national policy. Reservations may weaken the Pact, but they do not destroy the worth of such a far-reaching agreement for outlawing war.

If the Pact is to be an enduring reality trust must take the place of fear. We believe that this agreement may be a great landmark in human history. This can only be as peace is organized instead of war, and peace cannot be organized without trust.

Armaments will cease to have a place in a world where there is no room for an armed aggressor. If there are no armies, no state can be attacked. If the Kellogg Pact is made a reality, the world will no longer be in danger of war. We are thankful that statesmen have signed it.

But signature alone is not enough, we need a corresponding change in the minds of men. In the mind and spirit of man lies the cause of armaments, and from his mind and spirit must come the building up of peace. The logical sequel to the signing of the Pact should be an immediate readiness to disarm. How quickly or how gradually this is done depends on public opinion and on the public conscience, on their strength to resist vested interests and ancient habits of thought.

Suffering humanity waits for release from the economic and the spiritual burden of armaments. A change in public opinion on this matter depends on a deepening sense of the oneness of human society and on its relation to the Spirit of God. As a community in the discipleship of Christ our appeal lies to all men to work for the spread of the spirit which takes away the occasion of all wars.

Will ministers try to influence their congregations, editors their readers, voters their representatives in Parliament, each man his neighbour?

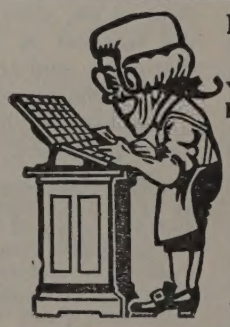
Issued on behalf of the Society of Friends,

Wilfred E. Littleboy.

Clerk to the Meeting for Sufferings.

(The Representative Meeting of the Society in Great Britain.)

Ninth Month, 1928.



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